

Announcements and Meetings To-Night.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—Concert.
KORTER & BIAL'S GARDEN—Concert.

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Business Notices.

"ALDERNEY BRAND" CONDENSED MILK
DR. UNDERHILL'S WINE from the Croton
Fruit Vineyard is absolutely pure. Ask your druggist
H. R. & F. B. THURGOOD & Co., Wholesale and Retail.
DECAT & Co.
"EXTRA QUALITY" BUTTER
Superior to any Champagne imported into this country.
ANTHONY GREEN.
Sole Agent in the United States and Canada.
HOLIDAY PRESENTS in elegant Merschaum
Pipes and Clearing; also fine Amber Goggles at prices
to suit the times. C. SMITH, 347 Broadway, under Occidental
Hotel.
POMEROY'S "SEC."
For sale at the leading grocers and wine dealers.
CHARLES GRIFFIN, Sole Agent.

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Postage free in the United States.
DAILY TRIBUNE (including Sunday), 1 year, \$12 00
DAILY TRIBUNE (without Sunday), 1 year, 10 00
SUNDAY TRIBUNE, 1 year, 2 00
WEEKLY TRIBUNE, 1 year, 2 00
SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE, 1 year, 3 00
Remit by P. O. order or registered letter.
Address THE TRIBUNE, New-York.

BRANCH OFFICES OF THE TRIBUNE.
WASHINGTON, No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.
LONDON, No. 20, Bedford-st., Strand.
PARIS, No. 9, Rue de la Harpe.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1879.

TRIPLE SHEET.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—Special cable dispatches from London to THE TRIBUNE announce that grave anxiety exists in regard to Afghan affairs, and that Mr. Gladstone's Liberal leader, Sir Stafford Northcote, has made a vigorous defence of the British Government, at Leeds. The Rhine is partly frozen. Several Russian officers have been arrested on suspicion of treason.

DOMESTIC.—A petition for an investigation of Deleat's Cannon's right to a seat in Congress has been received in Washington; he is charged with having six wives. One of the Cherokee Chiefs says the tribes in Indian Territory are ready to oppose a territorial Government by force. Congressmen Voorhis says the \$10,000 note found among his papers was issued by Mr. Westervelt. The steamer Maggie Burke, with 900 bales of cotton, has been burned at Mobile, Ala. The yacht Henrietta has been disabled and is adrift in the Gulf Stream; M. Say and family were taken to Baltimore.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—The list of resident taxpayers on personal property is continued. Captain Williams, of the Street-Cleaning Department, promises to clean New-York below Canal-st. to-day. George Augustus Sala lectured last night at Chickering Hall. A woman was robbed at Astoria, and an attempt was made to murder her. There was a hearing in the Lewis will case in Jersey City. The Dairy Fair has closed. Miss Howard was the winner at the women's walking match. Gold value of the legal-tender silver dollar (412 3/4 grains) 87.69 cents. Stocks, after a decline, fluctuating and closing irregular and feverish.

THE WEATHER.—TREBUNE local observations indicate cooler clearing weather, with slight chances of light snow or rain, followed by clear or partly cloudy weather. Thermometer yesterday: Highest, 40°; lowest, 32°; average, 36 1/2°.

No less than 3,400 Philadelphia girls sang songs to General Grant yesterday, and gave him bouquets. And yet they say he is not happy, and even accuse him of wanting a third term.

THE TRIBUNE continues to-day, on the tenth page of this issue, its publication of the personal tax lists. The list furnishes additional names of those taxpayers who admitted the possession of personal property subject to taxation, but obtained a reduction of the assessment. Some points of misconception on the part of some of our readers are also explained.

The cable brings word from our London correspondent that the mudlin movement to honor the late Prince Imperial with demonstrations only second to those which commemorated Prince Albert, has quietly expired. There will be a statue, but not in the Abbey, and the various imposing memorials that were projected will not be attempted. This is better, as second thought usually is. It would not have been a kindness to the memory of one who was merely a brave boy and good son to thrust him into a heroic niche, where he did not belong.

The seeker after reading matter that is not of the work-day world surely cannot complain of the fare that is provided for him in this issue. A second instalment of Mr. Congdon's entertaining reminiscences, a London letter which epitomizes the Duke of Argyll's impressions of America, a Paris letter describing the great metropolis of luxury and fashion as it appears in winter, a striking review of a new novel, a second "Georgia Sketch," and other things really too numerous to mention, will suit the mood of tired men and women whose minds demand relaxation while their bodies are taking rest.

It was once remarked that Charles Dickens could write about a three-legged stool in a way that would delight the whole civilized world, while many a wiser man could not write about anything in a way that would please anybody. Something of the same thought must be suggested by the disastrous failure of Mr. Tennyson's little play in London, which it was impossible, as our special cable dispatches show, for even a friendly audience to receive kindly. Supreme in his own art, the Laureate has, in this case at least, found himself utterly unable to command the success which so many smaller minds have achieved.

Readers of THE SUNDAY TRIBUNE who have followed Mr. Smalley's graphic descriptions

of Mr. Gladstone's tour in Scotland, will be especially interested in the announcement telegraphed to us to-day, that the popular demand for Gladstone's leadership has been defeated, for a time at least, by the present nominal heads of the party. As was to be expected, the great Liberal chief would make no personal effort toward his restoration, and Earl Granville and Lord Harington, those eminently respectable, but rather colorless persons, will remain in control. This decision must check the new enthusiasm of the Liberals, and retard the progress of the party.

The announcement that Captain Williams, the new broom in the Street-Cleaning Bureau, proposes to-day to clean the entire city below Canal-st., provided freezing weather does not interfere, will bring a flutter of hope to the breast of New-Yorkers. It may be that we are to have clean streets at last, and that the reign of mud is over. But those very citizens who will lift up their hands in thankfulness for this dispensation have no conception of the real condition of the city, much as they suffer. They go to their business either by the mid-air railroads or along avenues which receive especial attention at the hands of the sweeper, and the streets in which they live are probably kept clean at their own expense. The highways they know, but the byways they do not know. They may discover in the faithful descriptions given on another page by TRIBUNE reporters, the condition of the neglected and the half-cleared streets—and a story of astonishing details it is. There has been no attempt in it at sensationalism. The streets selected for the largest share of observation were not the irredeemably filthy thoroughfares close by the rivers, but streets near the great avenues, which can easily be kept clean, and should be if the public health is to be protected at all. The result is a curious story of filth-encrusted streets, which the well-dressed citizen never sees, where the dead cat waits in vain for the rites of burial, the sweepers scarcely do more than give the dirt a fresh stirring, and the air is foul with poisonous odors and thick with ashes and dust. If Captain Williams will be our Hercules in this matter, he shall have better luck than the ancient hero in getting his reward.

GIFTS WITHOUT MONEY.

What to do about Christmas? How many good people (of both man and womankind) will go about the streets during the next three days their heads aching with that yearly problem. Their friends are so many and their pocketbooks are so lean. The very rich and the very poor have less trouble about the matter. The laborer's wife, anxiously choosing a wooden monkey in a cellar near the ferries for the baby, knows the baby will be satisfied; it is born into the class, blessed at least in that it expects nothing. The millionaire's wife, driving from bric-a-brac shop to jeweller's, carries a long list of expectant friends, and carelessly ticks them off with costly useless baubles. But it is the middle class, the people with small incomes, cultivated tastes and warm affections, who usually find Christmas and its requirements as much of a pain as a pleasure. They think that on this one day of the year poverty should cease to grind. Why should not the poor clerk, peering wistfully in the shop window, be able to buy his boy the books which he wants so much? The poor clerk's wife scans his shabby coat and pinchbeck watch. She measures his worth with that of meaner, more lucky men. She would hang his lean limbs with broadcloth and gold, like theirs, if she could. Why must he be Lazarus in rags to-day while Dives in purple holds high holiday? On this of all days of the year, the birthday of Christ, who made all men equal? Even sober, miserly Deborah Franklin bought her husband a china bowl and silver spoon, because "surely he was 'worthy, if any man living was, to eat no 'more on tin.' It is a beggarly soul which is never seized on Christmas time with a rash frenzy of giving, and it is one of the hardest riddles of the year's poverty why money should stand in the way when our true love would show itself through some little token.

The only answer to the riddle is that perhaps we make too much of the mere giving of tokens on Christmas. If we have the money, let us spend it. It is worth while to scrimp and save a month or two later, to make this one crowning day of the year happier for a child or a friend. But if we have not money let us do without it, and keep Christmas still. Our friend is not less our friend because we do not give him a book or a bit of old Satsuma. Ten to one we have never said a single word to him in our lives which would hint our hearty appreciation for him, which alone makes book or crockery of value. We Americans are lavish of money, but almost as miserly as our English cousins in our words or signs of affection or sympathy. Old Andrew Jackson's "eleventh commandment," to "mind 'your own business,'" is practised by most well-bred Americans more rigorously than all of the others. When a man in this country once sets about his life's work of making a living he has no time to be picking up friends or going about into the highways and byways to show sympathy with lonely or tempted souls. It is unenvied, meddling, according to his code. There may be too much in any man's life of this reticence and dread of intrusion into the lives of others, and there can be no better time than this for each of us to consider whether there has not been too much of it in ours.

A few months ago a clergyman in a parish in Canada died, as our readers will recollect, of starvation; he went in and out among his parishioners to the last, but owing to this let-alone policy of good-breeding nobody asked the cause of his pallor and sunken jaws until it was too late. There are other kinds of starvation than those of the body, hints of which we see about us every day, and they are the kind which well-bred and good Christian people stand aloof from and let alone. How many a young man is there to-day in this and every great city, who has come up from some poor home followed by the prayers of father and mother; who is fighting day by day temptations which will ruin him, body and soul, if he yields, and from which proper companionship will save him. He is utterly friendless and alone. He goes to church, and the crowd of well-meaning worshippers brush past him without a word. He goes to his work, and his employer puts him aside at night as he does his ledger, as a tool, not a human being. Would not a word of sympathy, a cordial invitation, a little womanly interest—if our reader is a woman—be of more value here than any gift which money could buy? In our circle of acquaintances, in our own households, is there no tired woman, no man with whom the world has dealt hardly, to whom we have often felt impelled to hold out our hands with hearty good-will, but have not done it? The boy yonder, rough, disorderly, chattering of base-ball, game, the theatre—his

mind is not all full of guns and base-balls; there are beneath his immature dreams, hopes, passions. What does his father know of them? What has he tried to know? How many words of real recognition during this year has he spoken to the lad to win his confidence, to get his hand upon the rudder of his life? There is the mother at the head of the table. All the children know what she has done for them; they know that nobody can take her place to them in all their lives. But do they say so?

Let us try the value of another and better giving than money this Christmas. If there is a word of cheerfulness or encouragement, which, if we were dead, we would wish we had spoken, let us speak it now. If there is one human soul whom we can help in his fight against his worse self, let us help him on this Christmas time in the name of the Brother of us all.

GOING UP WITH THE TIDE.

The Mercantile Library Association, as we mentioned some days ago, finds itself too far away from its customers and will soon follow them up town. For many years it has been laying by money for a building fund. It has obtained a desirable piece of ground, and in a short time we hope to see this excellent and vigorous society comfortably and commodiously lodged, with ample space for its increasing treasures and pleasant rooms for the readers. The building in Astor-place will then be for sale, and commerce will absorb the relief of a once fashionable and brilliant quarter.

The change is inevitable, but New-Yorkers who can remember the aspect of the city thirty or forty years ago, and the excitement which agitated society at that remote period, will lament the disappearance of a building so filled as the Astor Place Opera House still is with interesting and curious associations. The fluted columns which now divide the alcoves of the library once surrounded the auditorium of one of the prettiest temples of music ever erected in America, and at the other end of the building, where the voice of the auctioneer resounds, the handsome tenor, Benedetti, pet of the public and plague of all managers, used to fill the stage with his imposing presence. When the project of an opera house in Astor-place was first broached many people regarded it as hazardous, not to say chimerical. "It is quite doubtful," wrote a well-known journalist and critic, "whether 'the public will support an establishment so far from the centre of things.' Audiences found it convenient to throng Castle Garden, or Palm's Opera House in Chambers-st., opposite the City Hall, or the Park Theatre, opposite the present Post Office. All these establishments were then used for Italian Opera, and the scheme of going so far up town as Astor-place was hardly less daring than would be a proposal now to remove the Academy of Music to the neighborhood of the Lenox Library. The house was built by a stock company, the shareholders (of whom we believe there were 150) having certain rights of free admission, less extensive, however, than those enjoyed at the existing Academy. The house was opened on the 22d of November, 1847, under the management of Signor Patti, father of la diva Adelina; with him was associated as partner a Signor Sanguinetti, who was then probably the best known of the local speculators in music. The maestro and conductor was Antonio Barilli, stepson of Signor Patti, and, until quite lately, a popular music-teacher in this city.

The work chosen for the inauguration was "Kraai." Of all the artists concerned in representation, only the prima donna, Signora Truffi, has left a reputation. There was a famous quarrel then raging, both in the newspapers and in the Court of Chancery, between the managers and the tenor, Benedetti, and it was late in a not very prosperous season before the popular favorite was brought upon the boards. To tell the truth, the ordinary performances of opera in New-York at this date were but make-shift affairs, creditable neither to the impresario nor to the public. The discussions of the green-room were displayed before the curtain with a freedom which would now be thought astonishing. Managers, travelling about with incompetent troupes, visited New-York, Boston and Philadelphia impartially, and found in the unsophisticated and inartistic public of all three cities what William H. Fry, in THE TRIBUNE, called "the most rankly verdant of live pastures." No musical season was thought to be complete without a row. The manager who succeeded Patti had a sensational dispute with his artists while in Philadelphia, and carried it upon the stage, where a delighted audience contributed liberally to the uproar. The interchange of abusive letters between managers and journalists was an ordinary incident of operatic disputes, both parties perhaps regarding it as a good advertisement. Unfriendly critics were frequently excluded by force from the theatre, and the courts were over and over again required to decide whether a man who had paid for a ticket could lawfully be turned out of the house for not liking the performance. A critic who condemned the playing of Sivi was forbidden to enter the concert-room. Another having found fault with Powers' Greek Slave, nearly all the leading artists of New-York united in a public statement that they considered the criticism to be inspired by ignorance and malice. The jealousies and intrigues of singers were taken up by the audiences, and factions were formed on both sides of the footlights. We thought that the publicity given to certain operatic disagreements during the last season was scandalous enough, but it was nothing to the disturbances of thirty years ago, when the society of New-York was much like that of a gossiping and scandal-loving village. It was a rankly verdant live pasture indeed. When the new opera house opened, it was thought proper to advertise that no lady would be admitted unaccompanied by a gentleman.

Strange to say, however, although the methods of management were primitive, there was no lack of good artists. Jenny Lind was closely followed by Albini, by Bosio, and by Steffanoni. Henri Herz was here with Sivi. Expensive companies engaged for Havana visited New-York for a few weeks on their way from Europe, and what they lost here they recovered in Cuba. Arditi, who came with some of these troupes, was much employed and highly popular in New-York, in the triple character of composer, conductor, and violinist. In 1852 we find notice of the appearance, at a miscellaneous musical entertainment, of a child by the name of Adolina Patti, whom THE TRIBUNE's critic declared to be "really 'most extraordinary,'" and about the same date the concert bills used to contain the name of a "Master T. Thomas," who played the violin. This lad was said to be very clever and a somewhat ambitious, judgment which time seems to have confirmed. It is not to be understood, however, that the Astor Place Opera House became for any considerable period a centre of musical activity.

Handsome and well arranged, it was nevertheless an unfortunate establishment. The first experiments with Italian opera ended disastrously. Next came the Macready engagement, with the famous riot, in May 1849, and the dreadful scenes of bloodshed. Max Maretzek managed one prosperous operation after that; and at the beginning of 1852 he was giving a brilliant series of performances with Steffanoni, Salvi, Marini and others, while Bosio and Bettini, with Arditi for conductor, led an opposition company at Niblo's. This was a cutthroat competition, with the price of admission at fifty cents, and it could have only one result. There never was any more opera at Astor-place. Gustavus V. Brooke tried the stalwart drama there for a little while, and then Mr. Niblo, having leased the house, introduced "Donetti's comic troupe of performing 'dogs and monkeys.'" The stockholders tried to save the reputation of the theatre by an injunction pleading that monkeys did not belong to the "respectable drama"—which all theatre-goers know to be a mistake. They were defeated in the courts, and the advertisements were thereafter varied by the announcement that "Donetti's highly respectable company of trained animals" would appear every evening until further notice. Such was the ignominious end of the opera house. No other trained animals, biped or quadruped, chose to follow the monkeys, and the Mercantile Library Association acquired the property the next year.

In the meantime the building of the Academy of Music was going on. The Astor Place Opera House failed, after a trial of only four years and a half, not because it was "too far from the centre of things," but because it was too small. It had only about 1,000 seats in the parquette and boxes, and 600 in the upper gallery. The projectors of the new establishment certainly did not repeat the error of their predecessors, for they provided for audiences of nearly 5,000 persons. But it has already begun to appear that they were not careful enough to keep near "the centre of things." The up-tide has carried the population far away from Fourteenth-st. and Irving-place, and unfortunately the great Academy is left in a position off the course of trade, so that it cannot readily be made available for other purposes when a removal becomes necessary. An opera house, however, may very well flourish in a somewhat remote locality. It is the resort of people of means and leisure, to whom the distance is not a great objection. The larger of the London opera houses (Covent Garden) is much more out of the way than ours, and is difficult of access besides, but the situation seems to be no hindrance to its prosperity. For many years to come our Academy will no doubt be readily filled whenever an impresario is prepared with a reasonably good entertainment.

"SETTING AN EXAMPLE."

One of the ablest as well as the most consistent of the religious press, THE CHICAGO ADVANCE, has a considerate article on the subject of a TRIBUNE on Sunday. It deprecates the publication mainly on the ground of a tendency to the yet more general secularization of the day; and concludes:

We prefer, rather to think that THE TRIBUNE has been gradually weakening the drift of popular sentiment, and that our best people themselves are to blame, in not making their convictions on this subject known and felt more emphatically. While we regret that THE TRIBUNE could not stem the tide, we regret more that all the Christian people of the land do not wake to the importance of this matter and turn the tide, as they might and ought, in the opposite direction.

The mistake of THE ADVANCE is in its belief as to what "the convictions of our best people" are. If the people who maintain our churches, and constitute the best part of New-York, did not want Sunday newspapers, THE TRIBUNE would never have been printed on Sunday, nor would several of the other journals that preceded it in that course. It is solely because "the Christian people" of New-York read Sunday newspapers, sustain them and insist upon having them, that several of them are printed. It is an entirely safe statement that the church members in New-York who do not read Sunday papers are the minority, not the majority, and the same thing is true (in many of the denominations, at least) of the church officers. A number of the warmest letters of congratulation THE TRIBUNE has received on its Sunday issue have been from ministers. Within the past fifteen years the whole temper of the Christian community here on this subject has changed. One of our most respected townsmen, Gov. E. D. Morgan, may be mentioned as a type of thousands who never thought of looking at a Sunday paper then, and never think of getting along without one now.

We are not now discussing the right or wrong of this change. That is the business rather of the religious than of the secular press; and the result of their teaching thus far is that a majority of their constituency read the Sunday papers. We have been quite in the way, for years past, of receiving kindly expressions from prominent church people who were glad of the example we were setting in not publishing on Sunday. We made it a rule to reply by asking, "What Sunday paper do you 'read'?" In not three cases out of a hundred did we fail to get the admission that the very person who had been praising our example himself bought and read from one to three daily papers every Sunday.

We have not thought it needful, we may repeat, to argue to such people the right or wrong of the publication we have been finally forced to undertake. We may venture, however, to close this brief article by printing a few sentences from a private letter recently received from the surviving sister of Mr. Greeley. Of course, it was written without a thought of publication:

I must tell you how I rejoice in THE SUNDAY TRIBUNE. We were all anxious to see it. It was a real delight to my aged eyes. You know that I should have been the first to complain of any departure from the plan of the dear Founder, but I could almost see the face of the dead light up with joy as his eyes ran down the interesting columns. Yes, if he knew, he is pleased.

PROPPING UP MISSION NEWSPAPERS.

A question is just now calling out a brisk discussion in religious circles, concerning which the publishers and readers of secular journals are likely to hold decided opinions. It is this. Large sums, as we all know, are contributed Sunday after Sunday by good Christians of every denomination to sustain foreign missions. A proportion of this fund is devoted by the managing boards to the printing, editing, and gratuitous circulation of certain missionary papers here among people who are already Christians. One Board appropriated last year \$4,942 of its funds to such a purpose, and others nearly as large a sum. Objectors to this plan urge that this money was contributed by individuals, by women and children usually, for the definite purpose of carrying the gospel to the heathen, and that the Boards have not the right to apply it to the distribution of secular and religious news among

that purpose; in a word, they think it good policy to bait with a herring to catch a whale. It is hardly the province of THE TRIBUNE to pronounce upon the moral question involved. The Boards always have claimed the right to use the money contributed in the way in which, according to their own judgment, the desired ends will be best attained. Hence there is a good deal of discrepancy between their idea of foreign mission work and that of the ordinary churchgoer. The poor widow in the village church drops her yearly dollar in the bag and goes home calculating how many actual Bibles it will put in the hands of actual heathens. But the wiser Board see the long line of connecting links, officers, secretaries and clerks; the missionary, his wife, children and servants; their clothes, household expenses, food, costs of travelling, etc., etc., which lie between the widow and the Bible in the hands of heathens; the dollar bridges over a very little bit of the way. There is much to be said on both sides of this question, as to what is right and politic and honest, but it is not for THE TRIBUNE to say it. It concerns only the contributor and the spender of the money.

But concerning the gratuitous distribution of missionary papers we have a right to an opinion, and we very much question the policy of such a plan. These papers are, as a rule, of old standing, some of them from fifty to seventy years. Now a paper of seventy years of age, if worth anything, must be self-supporting; a paper of any age to be worth anything must be self-supporting. Secondly—These papers are distributed gratuitously, not among irreligious people, for they are not likely to give to missions in any case; but invariably to peevish holders in churches, a class who if they take any interest in the subject are able and willing to pay for information about it, and who are much more likely to value information and be guided by opinions which they have voluntarily sought and for which they have honestly paid. Thirdly—These newspapers do not confine themselves to giving religious information; they are made attractive by secular news, taken from secular newspapers, which paid for it. To take money given to send the Gospel to the heathen and use it for the gratuitous distribution of such matter may be a generous way of conducting business, but it is not what our Western friends would call "clean or square."

THE PANES OF CHRISTMAS.

There is somewhat of an antithesis work-day and about the shop windows of Broadway from the Battery up to Fourteenth-st. There are so many of them never lighted up; so many which exhibit only solemn, mechanical merchandise not too good for human nature's daily food; saddles and hats and drugs and medicines, tools, guns, canes and the latest things in smoking tobacco. There are glories, it is true, of meerschaum pipes and of foreign trunks; the chemists are frequently prismatic; and there is a sort of border-land of fairy, in which the barber's shops are expensive and ornate, and the great hotels make an impression through their looped and windowed frontage. Here and there, too, in lower Broadway there is a print shop doing missionary work among nontheistic buyers and sellers; or a book shop with long lots of eldritch bindings, the very luxury of transcendent tooling. Upon the sidewalks are the extemporized emporiums—one low, long shelf is all the verge which these traders under the canopy of the sky can command—these traffickers in dinky photographs, dusty confectionery, cheap music, toy gymnasts and cough candy. There is enough to amuse, enough to redeem from dullness this side the square; and so there is on earth this side of heaven. But we are coming now where the Aladdin's of the retail trade have lighted lamps more magical than Edison's; where traffic takes on rainbow hues; where the goods gleam and glow and flash, and soft and fiery colors answer each other all over the magical display. Evidently the population knows what is pretty, and is here to confirm and increase its knowledge.

The lesson which a philosopher would gather from all this sparkling and spicy variety would be that to the child who is poor and child wants a good deal here below. Well, it would be but dull Christmas if the tree of Santa Claus bore but one kind of fruit. If the little ones yearn for rattles they also pine for straws, and we—why, our rattles must be louder, and of many tones, and our straws longer, and of many colors. The contented soul makes a free market, and lays in imperial supplies wherever it goes. Here is a bit of the celestial pavement behind the great, flawless sheet—it is almost a sea of glass. They have caught the snarls and put them into the little prisons—diamond and ruby, emerald and amethyst—this glorious array of coronations, each in its worthy rim of yellow gold! These are all ours. We who gaze at the window may take possession without the fear of the policeman. They were brought from the bowels of the earth expressly for this hour and for us. That we might enjoy the luxury of this moment, and fill ourselves at this feast of the eyes, the poor miner delved in California; the supple diver went down under the waters of the Persian Gulf; the swart negro plashed and peered and paddled in the Brazilian rivers. And here they are—all for an hour! Dainty dames may have them, but it will be after tea. They will sparkle in saloon and boudoir, but they sparkled first for us in the street. They will be hidden away in caskets and cloistered in strong boxes, but just now they are for all the world. Look your fill, for that is all their future owner can do; and we are going away presently to fresh fields of the far and fine, and to new pastures of presents. And so good-by to the lapidary's window—once we are gone, there will be nothing left in it but second-hand merchandise.

Shall we take further view of our possessions? But they are too many for us; and what if we should go mad, as some have done, at such embarrassment of riches? Shall we taper off from this morbidity of the optic nerve by a look at the solids and substantial? Here are the tools with which some young carpenter will reconstruct his mamma's furniture, and be chastised to redress for his mechanical ingenuity! Here are the blocks with which he will build a temple, and then he will pull it down, the young Samson Atonistes! Here are the bow and the arrow, which may prove fatal to the eyes of the nursery maids! The rocking-horse which shall balk the alicia of the irate lodger on the floor below! Here is the bat, and with the ball, which will go flying through some plate-glass window! Here are the balloons, which will collapse and melt into air, thin air, and very bad-smelling air at that! Here—here enough of sights! The shopmen are turning off the gas; the tired salesmen and saleswomen are putting on their hats; the curly heads are pressing their pillows, and dreaming of Christmas; the enterprising proprietor is computing the day's profits; the rich are wondering how they shall spend their money for gifts, and the poor how they shall get money to spend for the same. Meanwhile, merry Christmas comes on apace! Let us tune our voices and train our hearts and hands to welcome it! Let us give the forelock of Time a vigorous twist, and be glad with something more than punctuality!

The petition which is now before the Mayor for the appointment of a third Commission to lay out a rapid transit route for the Westchester district demands Mr. Cooper's most careful attention. The first and the second Commission were failures. Westchester, however, is in great need of a road, not only to bring the people of the new wards within easy reach of their business, but to serve as a whole-some check to the Harlem Company upon which they are now entirely dependent. There can be no doubt that the development of the topography across the Harlem River has been seriously impeded by the lack of facilities for communication with the lower part of the city, and that the property-holders who are now applying for relief have a just claim to prompt attention. In the selection of Commissioners Mr. Cooper Christians who are perfectly well able to pay for their own news of both kinds. The Boards insist on their side that as the object of these missionary papers is to stir up the people to more generous acts of liberality, they are justified in using the money for

must be careful to name men who represent the interests of the people of the new wards, and to avoid all appearance of consulting the wishes of those who desire to prevent competition. If he find any good reason for passing over the gentlemen suggested to him by the petitioners, at least let him appoint perfectly upright and unprejudiced persons who will do their best to give Westchester a good rapid transit route without delay.

We have received a number of complaints from subscribers who think the Sunday issue of THE TRIBUNE should have been mailed to them. We assumed that subscribers at a distance would want it, and, except where instructed to the contrary, have sent it accordingly. But we did not feel so sure that readers at country points near by, getting the other issues by mail within a few hours of the publication, would want Sunday's paper, which, owing to the imperfect Sunday mail service, could only reach them at the same time with, or a few hours in advance of Monday's. In all such cases, therefore, we do not forward it save on special notice that it is wanted.

It looks like the merriest Christmas since the war.

Congress has gone home for three weeks, and the women-suffrage agitators have been so dorelet in their devotion to the cause as to allow the members to depart without any measure for the emancipation of the sex to meditate upon during the holidays. Perhaps the leaders of the movement are discouraged temporarily by the disappointing result of the recent Boston experiment. No women were elected on that occasion, and the failure to elect is said to have been caused by "sharp practice"—that is the horrid phrase used—on the part of some of the opponents to the cause. The struggle with no subject of woman's dress and may make this way to force the sex into Bloomer costume.

General Grant must occasionally entertain hostile sentiments for the man who invented hand-shaking.

Two things are clear about the Christmas buying this year: There is more of it than there has been for nearly twenty years, and it is carried on through more mud than there has been on the surface of things since Broadway was a cow-path from the Battery to Fourteenth-st. The slight fall of snow on Thursday and Friday made, with the long accumulation of dirt in the streets, a sticky paste, which covered the cross-walks, and was speedily carried by the multitude of feet upon the sidewalks, so that by noon on Saturday every sidewalk on the busy streets was thickly coated with mud. The wayfarer, if a woman, soon found her skirts